

The Whore

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Family, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-07-28 22:38:41

Updated: 2011-07-28 22:38:41

Packaged: 2016-04-26 12:50:23

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,890

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Because Toothless wasn't the first unlikely friend Hiccup has ever had...

## The Whore

**\*\*A/N\*\*:** I have almost forgotten about this story :P But then I remembered, and thought that I'll post this before I leave for London tomorrow. This was, also, written about half a year ago. I have to admit, it's the riskiest topic I have ever attempted to write about â€" after all what would be riskier than a relationship with a whore? Even if it was only a friendship? Anyway, I plan to continue this â€" I intend to write about four or five more chapters â€" only if, of course, you, dear readers, are interested in it. Also, I have to mention that my great inspiration for the story was Iny Lorentz's Die Wanderhure.

**\*\*Rating\*\*:** T, but it might move up to M

**\*\*Disclaimer\*\*:** [Insert funny text here that tells you that I don't own How to Train Your Dragon]

**\*\*The whore\*\***

Ever since he could remember, they came every year, once or twice. A trading ship, from some great distances, always bringing goods that Berk rarely saw. They brought dried figs, this luxury tidbit, from some faraway land, called Egypt, an amazingly soft material, called silk, from even further, funny-tasting olives from the Greeks, and many other commodities. It was always a joyful day when they came, with a feast held in honor of their captain.

And then there were that two women, always embarking from the ship only after everyone else did; one older, tall and blonde and plump, not very much unlike the women of Berk, the other very young, short and thin, with deep red hair which went down to her waist, and petite

heart-shaped face with rosy cheeks. They wore yellow ribbons on their skirts, and never took accommodations in the village, never took part in the feasts. They kept to themselves, camping just outside the village, which Hiccup could never understand. After all, there were plenty of rooms for rent in Berk, and the people were even happy to have guests in some of them " it meant company, it meant money.

And it was more than that they never rented a room; actually, when one of them came into the village no-one addressed them directly, nobody looked into their eyes, and the mothers even kept their children away from the two foreign women. Yet, Hiccup knew all too well, that the men frequently visited them in their humble tents. He hadn't known back then what was happening those times when one woman or the other disappeared into the tent with a man from the village, but he had known that his father disapproved this. He would shake his enormous head, but would say nothing. Whatever had been going on in the tents, Stoick didn't like it, but tolerated it.

Then Valhallarama died, and everything changed. And when the ship arrived the spring following her passing, Stoick hesitated for a few days, then grabbed his purse full of silver and golden coins, and headed towards the tents. Hiccup followed him from afar, intrigued what his father was doing, but not brave enough to dare to ask. He hid in the bushes, too far away to hear anything, but he still could see everything.

Stoick briefly looked at the younger woman, shook his head, then turned to the large blonde. They exchanged a few words, then Stoick gave her a few coins, and the two of them climbed into then tent.

That was the point when Hiccup left " in his young mind, there was no more interesting stuff going on. Yet, he didn't know why did his father talk with that woman " let alone going into her tent, when even last year he'd resented her.

In the next few days he tried to catch as much information about the foreign women as he could in the village, which wasn't an easy task. First, villagers didn't talk about them, and when they did, it was some kind of cloaked insult. Or sometimes just an insult. But even if Hiccup wasn't a real Viking material, he was still as stubborn as anyone else in Berk, so by the third day, he knew " at least, he thought he know " why his father had visited the blonde woman.

From the half-sentences and hints it seemed like Stoick The Vast was seeing their visitors, because the women somehow recouped his late wife " for some money.

Hiccup's little heart clenched; he'd missed his Mama as much as his father did, if not more. He missed the way Valhallarama would tuck him into bed, kiss his forehead, while humming some cheerful tune or another, or pulling his crying from close to her chest when fell and scraped his knee.

The decision soon formed in his head. He had some coins stacked well hidden under his bed " some copper pieces, what he'd gotten for the few little errands he'd made for Gobber and the vendors at the Market, and even a silver coin, what he'd gotten from his mother last

year. Then one night, when his father settled in the Great Hall with the company of Gobber and a good mug of mead, and most of the village was preoccupied with their business, he grabbed his little fortune â€" at least, it was a fortune in his eyes â€" and walked down to where the foreign women were camping.

He found only the younger one there â€" which was good, actually, since she was the one he'd wanted to talk to eventually. She was the one who resembled his mother more â€" Valhallarama was also a thin, fragile woman, so much, that she had almost looked comical next to her husband. She was sitting by the fire, stirring some soup, but when she heard Hiccup's less than silent footsteps, she looked up. First, she looked displeased, then seeing who was her late visitor, she smiled widely, warmly.

"Well, well, who you might be, and what might you be doing here?" She said. She had a strong, strange accent which Hiccup had never heard before. "Won't your Momma be looking for you?"

Hiccup was petrified; he couldn't utter a single word. The woman seemed to be amused by his behavior. She spoke again.

"Oh, don't be afraid little one, I won't bite you." She smiled. "What's your name?"

The little boy gathered up all his courage, and whispered his name.

"Hiccup? What a nice name! I'm IldikÃ³." She held out her hand, but Hiccup didn't take it. "What can I do for you?" she asked encouragingly.

Without a word, Hiccup opened his little hand, showing IldikÃ³ all the small coins in it. The woman stared at him in disbelief. She couldn't decide whether she should laugh or cry. After a few uncomfortable moments spent in silence, Hiccup spoke up.

"I've heard that dad visited your friend 'cause she made him miss Momma less. I miss Momma very much. I want you to help me too!" Tears welled in his eyes. IldikÃ³ has never seen anything more heart-wrenching than this. "I have money! Please!"

She looked around, just to make sure that no-one could see them, then beckoned him to come closer.

"And what should I do, then? How do you want me to help you?"

He hesitated a moment before he answered.

"Could you just hug me, please?" He asked shyly, which made IldikÃ³ smile even more. She opened her arms, waiting him to step inside them, but he hesitated.

"Shouldn't I pay first?" he looked at her questioningly, which made IldikÃ³ giggle like she used to when she was still a little girl herself, before she was forced to leave her home, before she became a whore. She leaned towards the boy, examined the coins in his outstretched hand, then picked up the smallest, the least valuable piece.

"That'll be enough for a while. Now come on. I don't have all night." She added the last part jokingly. In fact, even though she didn't expect anybody that night, a drunken Viking could turn up in any moment, seeking some pleasure.

The little boy didn't need any more encouragement. He quickly closed the distance between them, gripping the woman's waist, burying his head in her bosom. Ildik<sup>3</sup> hugged him tightly; this was something she could easily give him, and give him with good heart.

She caressed the lad's narrow back; she guessed he was around six, and was surprised how small, how thin he was; she could easily make out his ribs under his tunic. She could also feel his pounding heart, which soon started to slow down, as the boy started to relax. After a few moments, he spoke again.

"Would... would it bother you if I talked to you? I can even pay more, if you want me to."

"No, you wouldn't bother me at all. And you know what? I'll even try to answer. And don't worry about the money: I told you, it'll be enough for a while." She said gently.

The boy really could talk, as it turned out; he told her about the other kids in the village, who would hardly let him play with them, his sturdy cousin who'd hit him sometimes, his father, who didn't seem to pay enough attention to him, and most importantly, about his mother, and how he missed her.

It was about an hour later when the boy started to fell asleep in her arms. She kissed his forehead softly, to wake him up, and then she ushered him home. It was one thing helping the poor boy, but anybody from the village finding him at her campsite was an absolutely different thing. And just as Hiccup disappeared into the darkness her next customer arrived " after all, she had to make a living somehow.

She and the other whore, Helga, stayed on the island for three more days " and Hiccup visited them every night. He'd always want to pay her first, but Ildik<sup>3</sup> would always say the same thing: that little copper coin still covered everything they'd done. She had only one request: Hiccup could only visit her when she was alone, and if someone came to her, he had to depart immediately.

She couldn't help, but grew fond of the boy. He was cute, polite, and quite bright for his age. And so the night before they set out to the see for their next port, she promised him that she'd back next year, and then, he could visit her again.

And when they finally left the island in the light of the raising sun, the last person she saw was the little boy, waving her enthusiastically, though a little sad, from the shore.

This new settlement between them gave something both of them: something to wait for, something to hold onto.

A friend.

\*\*A/N:\*\* Ildik<sup>3</sup> is an old Hungarian name " I checked it, it existed even during the Viking times ;p it's quite popular even today

â€" my mum has a cousin named IldikÃ³, on whom I dote on. But my character wasn't named after her. I think my IldikÃ³ just named herself :D

End  
file.